DEFEAT OF MAKAROFF AN

Dr. Hurlstone Cites Instance

of Worldly Uncertainty.

CAPITAL OF RUSSIA IS BLONDE AND BEAUTIFUL

Glories of the City by the Neva Portrayed in Graphic Color by an English Writer.

SIMPLE RUSSIAN PEASANT

'A Peaceful, Faithful Race, Sometimes with a Trace of Transparent Slyness.

LONDON, April 17 .- Writing from St. Petersburg, late in March, a correspondent of the Daily Mail graphically describes the beautiful, modern capital of the Muscovite Empire, and touches happily on the picturesque traits of its people. After recounting briefly the incidents of a fortnight's stay, he reverts to the unerring trend of the vis-Itor's steps to the banks of the Neva-down the "Newski Prospekt" of the Russ-and

"I was there just now watching the sunset. St. Petersburg is a city that should be painted. A hundred times I have stood still praying for a decent water-color artist who should bring its blonde beauty home to the people in England. It is a blonde city, fair as a golden-locked princess. It has great distances rooied by a blonde sky, the snowy streets are blonde, palaces of sulphur yellow and pale rose are everywhere.

"Some cities are dark. Orvieto, with its blind walls and murderous alleys, is dark. Toledo is dark. London is neither dark nor fair, but a solid, self-respecting city, magnificently plain. Petersburg is blonde and

"Down on the Neva embankment the sun was setting in a haze of pink; the new moon, slender and clear-cut as a steel bow, stood in the sky. The darkness was gathering-a blonde darkness. The frosted river-ice-coated with snow-lay white and clear, and the shadows could not touch Its whiteness. The pale sky reflected the pal ed spire of St. Peter and St. Paul seemed to hang between earth and sky, touching shaft of gold. Fiery crosses, Sabbath eve, burned on several of the public buildings. Peter the Great, colossal in bronze, mounted and set high on a rough-hewn granite pedestal, pointed to the crepuscular city his genius had nally was such. I believe that He who was

Broad streets, broad avenues and splendid quares cover the island city that bears is name. His architects came north with the plans of the great Italian palaces and laid out something similar and yet dissimiar to the Ufizzi or the Barberini Palace. It Italy such buildings match the soil, and time has stained and hallowed them; here they are modern, a trifle florid, and touched with the ambiguity of a pseudo-renaissance. Munich is something like Peters-Greek and Italian architecture 'made in Germany' fills the Bavarian capital. Here "made in Russia" might be stamped on the Winter Palace and other great buildings that are a trifle more talian than the Italians.

THE MAKING OF PETERSBURG. "But nature has done far more for Pesun shines every day in a sky of palest humblest picture. All the open spaces are white with snow; little woods full of silver birch crop up in unexpected places. Gray | SOCIALISTS NAME crows get a chilly livelihood in these spots "Outside the center of the town are old houses that must have been built when the

city was first founded. These are of wood, and very humble they look beside the great stone tenement houses that are replacing And yet these old wooden houses seem typically Russian-plain and simple, and full of modest comfort. One likes them; they are so un-Europeanized, so native to this half barbaric country. They could occur nowhere but in Russia. The Sadowa is also Russian, a broad street full of shops that are semi-Oriental, and where no bargain is canceled without chaffering and abuse and a reduction of 30 to 40 per cent. of the price demanded.

"And the people who crowd this spacious other man has his distinctive costume Even the schoolboys are in uniform, and the students of all the colleges have each the badges and clothes of their science, art or profession. Doctors wear the uniform of their order, cabmen of theirs, and so on, till you know at a glance whether a man be soldier, sailor, doorkeeper, dvornik, policeman, gendarme or even tramp or peasant. The military uniforms are a queer blend of East and West. The Cossack wears his shaggy headdress of goat's hair, his sword hangs from his shoulder, or, again, you see officers whose trousers are tucked into their top boots and whose tunic is a modification of the well-known Russian blouse. All and each of these gentry strike an unaccustomed note of color or of type as they jostle one another on the Nevski, that crowded boulevard which pierces the heart of Petersburg and leads

down to the Neva.

THE MAN IN THE STREET. simplest of God's creatures. He serves you In shops, he drives your cab, he takes your coat and goloshes when you enter a house. He is everywhere; a rather dense, goodnatured and, to a western European, doglike individual. His father or grandfather was a serf or slave, and he still retains marked traces of his origin. There are moments when you feel inclined to clout his N. M. This was startling news to the head; and perhaps he would feel flattered at the attention. He eats out of your hand, so to speak. He lives on tips and the largesse of his betters. He is altogether like a favorite terrier, and his eyes have the same look in them that one sees in a dog who is wagging its tail. Such are the common people. They have no particular education, no particular future except heaven, and the people above them are their mas-ters. Occasionally they are sly instead of simple, but their cunning has a transparency that can deceive no one who comes

out of the sophisticated west. For instance, a servant here came to me with the story that I had left my goloshes in a cab and that the driver had brought them to the hotel; thereupon the servant had rewarded him on my behalf with 50 kopecks (a shilling). Now, I had left no shes in a cab, and the servant had rewarded no isvoschik with 50 kopecks. He had simply secured my goloshes overnight and brought them to me in the morning with this very transparent story. He got TWO SCHOONERS ARE his 50 kopecks; but whenever I see him I nouire whether any more isvoschiks have come here with my goloshes. Now, these maneuvers are quite simple,

and I only trust that the Russian stratecists in the far East are possessed of a "It is the simple man who is most easily roused to fury. He is an easy prey, and the demagogue or the quack may do what they like with him. But if we in England

regard the Russian people as a cruel and perfidious race, let me at once say that the exact opposite is the case, and that till you have aroused the moujik's indignation by some great act of injustice or dishonesty, you will find no more peaceful and likeable creature in the world. "Absurd he may be on some counts, as witness this. The morning after my arrival ordered a cold tub, and beyond noticing the chambermald's evident reluctance to

urnish me with one, thought no more of the matter. At lunch an American guest told me that the chambermaid had informed him of a mad Englishman who had risked his life in cold water. I recognized the description, and it appears that the good lady had collected all the servants on he landing-the boots, the waiter and the ubwater-and with herself in command had waited outside my door while splashed about, ready to rush in should i "I had disappointed them all, but one

satisfaction she seems to have got out of 'We heard him shiver,' she said with an accent of triumph.

If you don't know what you want, try one time was prime minister of Koren, dispatch received by the general staff to- | plot alleged to have been hatched at Mardrs. Austin's Pancakes for a really good



FOUR WORKERS IN THE DEACONESS HOSPITAL. Sister Katherine, the Sister Superior of the Institution, Is Shown in the Foreground.

DR STANSFIELD SPEAKS ON CREED OF CHRISTENDOM

No Doubt Exists in Mind of Min- Ministers Pay Tributes to Deeds of ister as to Origin of Christ.

IS EXPRESSED 29

on "The Creed of Christendom." His text which bears that name.

ture of Jesus Christ, we believe these words | Church, at Sanders and McKernan streets. | but not always is it so. Son of God, but that He always or eterthe Son of Mary was never the Son of Joheavenly origin. He saw from above and

"As such I believe that His coming down most clearly shows the nature and characwhat the words means. Words are for the | meeting. intelligent conveyance of thoughts, feelings, etc. Speech is only possible to rational natures.

be us, but Him; He himself bore our sins. The bitterest cup He will drink; the greatest sacrifice He will make. He gave himself for us. Thus do we know God in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son, our Lord. "And as thus revealed and known, I believe in Jesus Christ, His Son, our Lord. 'The highest intelligences of the universe coronate Him. The first rulers of earth and the highest seraphs in heaven-all realms-are coming under His sway. Art, oratory, music, commerce, politics and religion are feeling His power, and the na-tions of the earth are to become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ.'

TICKET IN ILLINOIS

Ouestion of Immediate Demands, Defeated Two Years Ago, Carried After Hot Fight.

PEORIA, Ill., April 17.-The state convention of the Socialist party was held in this city to-day with the largest attendance in the history of the party, 250 delegates being present, half of whom were from Cook county. A full state ticket was and beautiful city? They are various as chosen and the question of immediate dethe Englishmen of Shakspeare's day. Every mands, which was defeated in the cona hot fight by the close vote of 60 to 58. I. The state ticket chosen was as follows: Governor, John Collins, Chicago; Lieutenant Governor, A. R. Brower, Elgin; state treasurer, A. S. Tibbits, Rockford; secretary of state, Payton Boswell, Springfield; fancy, attorney general, Sam Block, Peoria; state auditor, Albert Eisemann, Chicago; school Mrs. Gertrude Bristow Hunt, Maywood Mansee and W. S. Dalton, all of the Son of Man, which the lowliest can

MRS. FRED BLACKWELDER DIES SUDDENLY IN SOUTH

Surprise to Friends in This City.

Harry Tutewiler received word early yes- HAS BEEN AN ALDERMAN MAY LEAD TO TROUBLE terday morning that his sister, Mrs. Fred Blackwelder, formerly Miss Harriet Tutewiler, had died Saturday night at Roswell, family of Mrs. Blackwelder, as the only saying that she was very Ill. About the time of the arrival of the telegram a letter Wednesday. At that time she was enjoying the best of health. Mrs. Tutewiler, mother of Mrs. Black-

weiger, was preparing to go to Roswell nouncing the death of her daughter was received. The body will be brought here and will probably reach here about Wednesday, Mrs. Blackwelder was married in this city and moved to Roswell last fall. She was a graduate of De Pauw out the city and the State. She was a member of the Kappa Alpha Theta sorority while in school and was the most popular student in school.

REPORTED MISSING

VICTORIA, B. C., April 17 .- It is feared that Victoria sealing schooners Triumph and Diana have foundered at sea. The could be achieved by constructing draw name board of the Triumph has been found at Qualsino sound, and both schooners are All the other schooners of the fleet have | tical man and could serve the citizens well reported. The Triumph carries a crew and wisely. of twenty-five white men and several Indians. The owners express no uneasiness yet as to her failure to report.

MOVEMENTS OF STEAMERS the 22d inst., at 10 a. m., in the City Hall. There is but one candidate against Hanlan.

FIUME, April 17.-Arrived: Carpathian, from Trieste, for Palermo and New York. GIBRALTAR, April 17.-Sailed: Republic, from Genoa and Naples, for Boston. QUEENSTOWN, April 17 -- Sailed: Etruria, from Liverpool, for New York. LIVERPOOL, April 17.-Arrived: Lucania, from New York, via Queenstown. MOVILLE, April 17.-Sailed: Columbia, from Glasgow, for New York. NEW YIRK, April 17.-Arrived: La

Bretagne, from Havre. Will Rebuild the Palace.

SEOUL, Korea, April 17.-The Emperor has appointed Yim Yung Chan, who at resulted favorably to the Russians, but a government considers as groundless the to superintend the construction of the

DEACONESS ANNIVERSARY

IS OBSERVED IN CHURCH

Protestant Workers in Hospital.

In the above picture, four sisters who not that He at any time became the divine | have devoted their lives to the noble cause

The hospital aims to have all its helpers, seph, but was of divine paternity and of either sisters or deaconesses. One of those who is known throughout Indiana for the gentleness which she offers her patients. The Rev. H. Vitz and the Rev. S. Nickis ter of Deity. He was the Word. We know delivered sermons at the anniversary

> "Never before has the hospital enjoyed such a season of prosperity as that of the past-year," said the Rev. T. A. Kinley, the superintendent. "In one respect we have charitable organization, have a surplus left of \$5,000 from last year's business. Within the last month we have built our new \$1,000 fire escape, being impressed with the necessity for such after the Chicago disaster, and have made many minor improvements. "During the last year out of our 759 patients, we have had forty-two to die. The seventy-five beds in the hospital are now occupied and the twenty-nine nurses we have are almost unable to cater to the increasing demand for their services. Out of these

twenty-nine, ten are sisters. The sisters are rewarded for their noble work by the hospital. They are given everything they desire, they are allowed four months' vacation annually, together with \$130. The hospital takes upon its shoulders the responsibility of supporting any who may be dependent upon these sisters."

DEACONS ORDAINED.

New Presbyterian Church Officers Are Inducted.

The quarterly communion services of terday on account of the ordination of the recently-elected additional officers of the were Caleb S. Denny, to be elder; Preston Kelsey, Walter O. Williams and Harry nance of baptism was then administered to twelve persons seeking admission to the church who had not been baptized in in-

The Rev. Owen Davies Odell spoke briefly on "The Simplicity That Is in Christ." He dwelt on the clear and simple teaching

HANLAN TO ENTER RACE FOR A CONTROLLERSHIP!

Platform and Is Anxious to Put It to Proof.

TORONTO, Ont., April 17 .- Ned Hanlan, his word that he is in the fight, and vows his successor. by the fact that he never sold a boat race, yesterday morning when the telegram an- though once offered \$75,000 to do so, that was called to the fact that he could not he will stay in till the finish.

the company unless the company guarantees a 5-cent fare. That will be the main plank of his platform. In general he believes the city should own the street-railway franchise and the gas works and operthe building of a Henley course from one end to the other, joining the city to the island away around to Fisherman's Point by an extension of the street railway, that | ignored.

bridges at the necessary points. He points to the fact that he got the bicycle path for the island, the electric

The election for the position of controller, vacated by the resignation of Frederick H. Richardson, will be held on Saturday, April 30, with nominations on Friday,

Iroquois Theater Sold.

CHICAGO, April 17 .- The Iroquois Thebeen sold to Rich & Harris, of New York | satisfaction extends very far. and Boston. The playhouse will be reconstructed, refurnished and opened early next

histrionic world. All Quiet Along the Yalu.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 17.-Rumors were in circulation here, to-day, of a fresh engagement on the Yalu river which had formation which it has received, the Italian night says that the situation is unchanged seilles to kill President Loubet during his and that all is quiet on the Yalu.

"FORMER RELIGION NOW A ILLUSTRATION OF FATE

In Discussing Hawthorne's Story, Sermon on Mutual Love Teems and with Modern Views.

AN IDEAL OF JEREMIAH HOPE SEEN IN FUTURE

Seeing in the comparatively modern story | "That ye may love one another" was the of Hawthorne's "The Great Stone Face," a text of the Rev. E. E. Newbert's sermon comparison with the ideal of the ancient on "The World's Moral Advance" at All prophet Jeremiah, Dr. Albert Hurlstone | Souls' Church yesterday morning. preached a sermon on this parallel last | Mr. Newbert spoke, in part, as follows: night. His text was from Jeremiah ix,

"Hawthorne's story of 'The Great Stone words of Jeremiah's prophecy," said Dr. Hurlstone at the Roberts Park M. E. Chuch. "It is the duty of each man to say to himself, 'Is this aim I set before me the highest I can reach? Is the end I prc-

had been thrown together in such a po-"It seemed as if an enormous Titan had

pice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. * * * It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the great stone face before their eyes, for all the features were noble and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it was the all mankind in its affections and had room "It was an education only to look at it. We covet riches, we glory in them.

Money is power. But riches take to themselves wings and flee away. As the part-ridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them of philanthropy that I may credit history NURSES EMPLOYED not, so he that getteth riches and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of days, and at his end shall be a foo! Gordon, Washington, Grant, Sherman, or the foundation of the hospital were given the Alexanders and the Napoleons do won-"As touching the character and the na- last night at St. John's Evangelical ders and men are ready to believe that God is on the side of the biggest battalions, "The other day the Czar of Russia said

to Vice Admiral Makaroff: 'My choice has fallen upon you and I will not take a refusal:' and so the admiral went to the far East, the pride of the Russian navy, the man in whom his Emperor trusted, hero of the nation, but amid the flying flags he is suddenly cut off, furnishing another sad illustration of the truth that The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, and all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, await alike the inevitable hour, the paths of glory lead but to the grave. "The war-worn veteran, styled 'Old Blood and Thunder,' of whom Hawthorne tells, who came from hard-fought battles with

all the glory of a military career, was

thought by many to be the ideal hero. But while the multitude cried: 'The general! The General!' the hero of the story failed to recognize his ideal. 'Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom,' because wisdom is the most exalted of human possessions, it is, therefore, the most enduring. Reputation-that precious treasure-may be ruined beyond recall by the breath of malice. Affections wane, our dearest friends grow cold-friends of childhood, those of our own blood, and hose who are bound to us by the closest ties and the most splemn vows. Riches may be dissipated by the folly of a friend or the envy of a foe. But wisdom will survive the loss of all these, and, abandoned by friends, reputation and wealth. amidst the decay of his bodily faculties, the man may still remain a wise old man.

Wisdom is great, but it has great disappointments, and many limitations. 'Human leaders and human idols cannot satisfy. But 'blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.' Meditation upon the true, the beautiful, the good transfigures the life. Unconsciously the hero of the story had grown into beauty of life and character and was himself a reflection of the loftiest ideals of prophecy. He kept his heart open continually and thus was sure to catch the blessings from on high,

when it should come. "Angels seem to work with him in fields; to sit by his fireside, to be his friends. Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man. jumble as he was, had lived. His words had power because they accorded with his They were the words of life because a life of good deeds and holy love was

"Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. If the quest of our life becomes the lofty ideal of Jeremiah, then we, too, shall set before us the Lord Christ, as the only One through whom we can attain the transfigured life that we exclaim as we gaze upon the vanishing objects of worldly glory: 'God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord, Jesus Christ.' I is here that peace | Hungarian government. is found that knows no measure, joys that through all time abide."

MILLIONAIRE CHIEF OF FIRE DEPARTMENT OUT

"The common or garden Russian is the Fatal Tidings. Come as Complete Famous Canadian Oarsman Has a M. W. Bronson Resigns the Leadership of Larchmont's Fire Fighters on Short Notice.

LARCHMONT, N. Y., April 17.-Trouble is Canada's great carsman, has announced brewing among Larchmont's wealthy fire through the local press that he is a candi- fighters over the sudden resignation of intimation they had of her sickness was date for the controllership made vacant Chief Mayhew W. Bronson, the yachtsa telegram, received Saturday morning, by the resignation of F. H. Richardson. | man, who has been at the head of the de- due to heart failure. Before going to Elgin He is eligible, for he served two terms as partmbent for seven years, and the elec- Mr. Seybold was connected with the Packwas received which she had written last alderman, and would have served a third tion of Frank Hardy, of the regatta comhad he not been defeated. He has passed mittee of the Larchmont Yacht Club, as

Chief Bronson resigned after his attention Ned pledges his word that if elected he hold the office of village trustee, to which | tence as important as a public vindication will advocate 5-cent fares, return trip, to he was elected only last month. The name the island. He puts the situation thus: of Mr. Hardy was quickly put through the University, and was well known through- The city owns the annual license of the board, Chief Bronson seconding his nomiferry company and should not grant it to nation and all the trustees voting to make the election unanimous.

Since the election of Mr. Hardy, who was president of the truck company, Assistant Chief George S. Towle has resigned. ate them. He has large ideas regarding and his friends are greatly agitated over the development of the island, including what they consider as a snub to him. They contend that although he was next in line for the office of chief, his claims were

Mr. Towle is one of the officers of the Seventh Regiment and ran last fall on the Democratic ticket for the Assembly. He says that he does not care who is chief. considerably overdue at Clayoquot, where lights, and would have got gas only he but that the proper thing for the board of they usually land their catches of skins. was defeated. He declares he is a prac- trustees to have done when Mr. Bronson resigned was to have referred the question of his successor back to the companies and permitted them to vote on it. By failing to do this, Mr. Towle and his friends assert, the village "fathers" committed a grave breach of etiquette.

Mr. Bronson explained the action of the board of trustees by saying that it was an established custom to have each company represented among the officers either as chief or assistant chief. "No doubt," said he, "Mr. Towles is warater, in which nearly six hundred lives ranted in feeling that he was overlooked. were lost during a fire last December, has but I don't think that the feeling of dis-"We firemen all know Frank Hardy and admire him. He is an experienced fire fall as a vaudeville theater under another | fighter, just as much at home as he is at a name. The new proprietors, Isaac C. Rich | yacht race, and a bully good fellow. I beand William Harris, are well known in the lieve that his appointment will give great satisfaction to the firemen and to the people of Larchmoni generally.

Plot Story Is Discredited.

ROME, April 17 .- Judging from the in-

GHOST STORY," SAYS PASTOR

with Thoughts of Optimism

"So much has been said about the death of Jesus that we give scant heed to His life. To-day we speak His name, but do we catch His spirit? Are men kind? Is moral life advancing and are we gaining along the line of the humanities? "Notwithstanding alarms, there is abroad

a wholesome and saving optimism. "Has man gained in things and lost in pose not merely a desirable end, but the a moral height once occupied? No! We most desirable? Here is the guiding line of are sure there have been no moral heights outy. Everything must be subordinated to to tumble from. The heights are ahead for us to climb. The age we live in is the "The great stone face was a work of biggest and best in all history. Afraid of nature in her mood of majestic playful- modern tendencies, men may hark back ness, formed on the perpendicular side of to the past, but the past had no more south a mountain by some immense rocks, which than the present. The age that made the Bible was far below the age that gives us sition as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance.

Block was fall below the age that get has a the daily newspaper. Modern life has a new setting. Things once thought profane are sacred. What was once religion now passes for a ghost story. Practica sculptured his own likeness on the preci- thought hunts life near to the earth. The saint no longer tries for heaven in a balloon. Or if he does he fails to get as near with its long bridge, and the vast lips, as the child picking violets in the grass which if they could have spoken, would or the man who holds the plow or the mechanic who drives the rivets into the iron sides of a ship

'Hunting evidence for the world's moral advance, I study economics as it relates to the increase in the wealth of the world and to the temporal well being of man. What do I find unless it be improved methglow of a vast warm heart that embraced ods of living, better wages, more bread, more clothing, shorter days of toil, better homes, leisure for culture and an enormous increase in the sum of world happiness? "Or I turn to practical and applied ethics to find how great the world's sense of moral "Or I study anthropology and sociology that I may appreciate the distance between man's first crude ideas and his latest meth- stiller than ever. Mrs. Fry worships Mrs. turn to you."

porary human life. What a book! Or how thrilling the drama in which men and women play their parts! I see the shifting scenes and wait upon the intense interest. I mix in politics, I go to market, I enter the mill and the business house and I see how men crowd one upon the other and press and strain for advantage. And what looks like conflict or struggle to the death is only life in action.

"O blessed are we if, after the long travail of the ages, the world is learning love. Blessed are we if we are able to rise above the dust and get a glimpse of the morally perfect. Blessed are we if we can see the well-meaning and the well-equipped grasping the reins of rule in civic affairs. Blessed are we if we can keep the human touch."

JOHN BEGGS LYING IN CHICAGO HOSPITAL

Terre Haute Distiller, Who Sub-· mitted to Surgical Operation, Is Reported Sinking.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. SHELBYVILLE, Ind., April 17 .- A teleing from Chicago saying John Beggs, of Terre Haute, is dying in a hospital at Chicago, where he went a few weeks ago to submit to a surgical operation. Mr. Beggs is seventy-four years of age and his wealth is estimated at \$500,000. He owns large distillery interests in Terre Haute and was at one time a Democratic member of the State Legislature from Franklin county. He claims his home as Shelbyville and casts his vote here. He has two daughters here-Mrs. Burton F. Swain and Mrs. Jerome McDaniels. Mrs. Thomas B. Swain, of Indianapolis, is also his daughter. His daughters here left for his bedside this evening.

PLAN TO COMPETE IN EMIGRANT TRAFFIC

VIENNA, April 17 .- It is reported from Budapest that negotiations are proceeding between prominent Hungarian financiers and the Hamburg-American line, looking to the organization of an independent steamship company in Hungary. The purpose of the negotiations is that the new company, aided by the Hamburg-American line, shall operate a line of steamers from Fiume, Hungary to New York, to compete with the Cunard line for the American emigrant traffic. It appears

CITY NEWS NOTES.

doubtful whether the company could ob-

tain the necessary concession from the

Mrs. A. D. Haas, of Dayton, O., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Moses Siefker, 1414 Mont-Miss Nellie Rumbly, of Seymour, who has been visiting Mrs. Moses Siefker, 1414 Montcalm street, returned to her home Sunday. But as he came slowly up the walk to the Then putting on his hat he suddenly left was taken ill at the South Side Turner Hall last night and was removed across from the station in the Dispensary ambulance. He has been in poor health.

Mr. Clifford Tyler, formerly of Indian-

apolis and a former member of the Me-

ridian-street M. E. Church choir, sang at

CHICAGO, April 17.-William Sevbold, a

the services of the First Baptist Church at the Grand Opera House last night. William Seybold Dead.

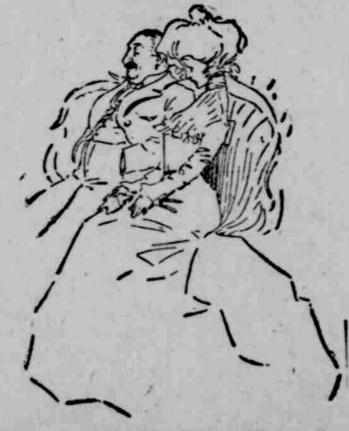
wealthy organ manufacturer, of Elgin, Ill., fell dead to-night while standing in the telephone booth at the Brevoort House waiting to talk to his wife. Death was ard Organ Company of Fort Wayne, Ind. Russian Jews Vindicated.

GOMEL, Russia, April 17.-Christian Gorbacheff has been sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment for circulating reports before Easter that the Jews were aiding Japan. The Jews regard this sen-

of their attitude. Bomb Exploded in Barcelona. BARCELONA, April 17 .- A bomb ex-

loded at 8 o'clock this evening in the Plaza del Tores. The result was harmless. but the explosion created a panic, owing to the fact that King Alfonso and Premier Maura are still here.

Daily Illustrated Joke



HOMELY BUT RICH. She-That picture of Mrs. Newriche isn't a bit like her. He-I know it isn't. If it was she wouldn't

Budweiser's Greatest Triumph

Declared superior to best Bohemian Beers by the Experimental Station for the Brewing Industry of Bohemia, at Prague.

Bohemian Beers-for centuries the acknowledged standard of quality—have been patterned after by brewers of all countries.

Budweiser



The Product of Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n IS BOTTLED ONLY AT THEIR HOME PLANT AT

St. Louis, U.S.A. A visit to the World's Fair City should include a trip to and through the Anheuser-Busch Brewery. All are welcome.

Orders Promptly Filled by

J. L. BIELER, Manager Anheuser-Busch Branch, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Missing Man

By MARY R. P. HATCH

A Thrilling Tale of Mystery, Dealing with a Startling Phase of Hypnotic Influence and Double Personality love me again if you try to recall your old affection. Let us begin anew, be married

[CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.] "I am glad of that. Perhaps that is the reason Edes looks so doleful, if he does." again, secretly, if you will, but throw off the old bond and begin a new life with all "Oh, he does. There is no question about the shadow of past distrust and suffering Green, who lives next door to Mrs. Fry, you? says she told Mrs. Fry herself about Mr. Hi his hair by the little glass in the kitchen. Mrs. Green said, and ne looked more like again

in tender silhouette, one saw the domes and | yesterday delivered the second of a series | pital | Society and founded the hospital | national hero who has won his laurels on | from brutal selfishness to the mind that | "Well if I were you, my dear, now that | from the first." Mr. Hamilton has come back and she seems to be getting over her silly infatuation, I would discourage all such talk in the "I do." said Mrs. Hartwell, complacently; "I never say a word myself."

> "Yes; I can't stop my ears-it wouldn't look well." she answered, laughing, at which her husband laughed too. So lightly do the tragedles of other lives

"You merely listen," said her husband,

to Constance. The relations with her husband were of the most constrained order and her interest in Edes unabated-augmented, indeed; for she knew he was miserable on her account, and pity was so in-They were her own. She had to own it, through some occult means, and she was even now when Mr. Hamilton was under | their game, and it is time for Uncle Carthe same roof with her, and trying daily by every means in his power to win her to think kindly and lovingly of himself. She was sure that he knew nothing about the workman's interest in herself, to say nothing of her own for him; but she knew -for Mrs. Fry had told her-that Primus Edes had been deeply moved by the return of her husband. One day she chanced to meet him face to face as she was going down the street

eloquent gesture to stop her. "Constance-Mrs. Hamilton, has he come He did not notice the strangeness of her reply, but turned away his head with a groan, seemingly wrung from his very

and he was returning from the mill. When

"Yes; my heart claimed you from the first, and now-O God!" His form shook with emotion and his face was convulsed. "Hush! you must not say such words. It is wicked; and you forget where you are. We have talked too long already. Good-day," and she walked hastily away, hoping no one had seen them. At her words, Edes suddenly stiffened into his usual immobility, while the hopeless expression stole over his face again, a look strongly at variance with the one of eager, passionate pleading a moment be-He walked slowly homeward, but the effect of his interview did not end it.

she saw another man, stealthily, it ap- all happy together as we used to be. And peared to her, following him. What was his bject? Was it Edes? Why should he follow her husband on a public thoroughfare, even though deserted as it was now? No one would think of it but a strange man like Edes. He would certainly bring talk upon himself, if not upon her, by his erratic actions, she told herself, all unknowing that

talk had already begun and was far adgate. Her husband did not see him at all. lights blazed up in the lamp at the gate | side, unceremoniously, as he said: and she saw his face plainly. It seemed tarnsformed by hate and jealousy. Her to-morrow. Not to-night." heart stood still for an instant. Would be do harm to her husband? That threatening, uncouth gesture frightened her, it was so instinct with unreasoning fury. With a dull, heavy dread at her heart she turned to meet her husband, whose face seemed paler than usual, and his manner some-

what shaken. "What, Constance! alone and with no He spoke tenderly, though his words were matter-of-fact enough; but her pur- laughed and rubbed his hands. "But, bless nose seemed to be to ignore everything like | my soul! Vane, are you sick?" "It is not late, and the children are finishing their tennis game in the yard behind the house. He said nothing, but sank down in a chair

as if in deep thought. "A strange gentleman called at the house to see you to-day," said Mrs. Hamilton, never felt it till lately. There is no justice after a few moments. "What sort of a looking man was he?" "Not a pleasant person to me, but he

seemed to know you," she answered, I think I understand you. Constance does crisply. "Short, dark-haired, middle-aged man?" "Yes. "He came to the mill, but did not speak | are in your own hands." of having come here.' "A business acquaintance?" "Yes."

Constance did not pursue the conversation. Evidently it bore no special interest | never used to allow her moods and whims for her, but her husband sat intently to move you. What has changed you?" watching her tall, graceful figure as she still stood by the window a moment after drawing the curtain across it. "Constance," he said at length, "how long must this go on?" "Go on? I do not understand you."

"This wearing anxiety on my part, this seeming indifference on yours' "Seemingly?" she repeated, haughtily. "Yes, seeming. No woman could be real-ly indifferent to the fact of her husband's doleful music is that?" he asked, suddenly, presence, as you seem to be. Why are you so changed to me? What have I done?" "You know best." "You distrust me?"

"Have I ever told you so?" "No: but I feel it. No one else distrusts me, Constance. All treat me kindly but you. Has any one come between us?" "Who could come between us?" "I don't know, Constance," he said, rapidly, coming to her side and clasping her cold

hand in his. "I think I understand you. I went away and did not return when you expected me. You thought something had You mourned for me truly. You had the does. monument chisseled, you wore black for me, you stored in your heart memories of our past love, and as time wore on your prise own true, living love died, as it was not strange it should. Then I came back. It was like one coming from the dead to claim you. You thought you could not resurrect your dead love and cause it to blossom afresh. Do not try, Constance-do not try

She looked at him wonderingly. "Let us begin afresh. Let us be married | ties in a strange way. again, put the past behind us and be "Why put the past behind us?"

"Because it will be best. You can never

that. Mrs. Taylor's hired girl's sister, Mrs. left behind us. Will you, Constance, will His voice was low and pleading, his hand Hamilton's return when Edes was combing still clasping hers. But she drew it away. "You talk absurdly," she said. "As if old They were so excited at first that they did married people could not do better than to

not notice him until he started to go up to his cover themselves with ridicule by a second room. His face was as white as a sheet, | wedding! Never mention the matter to me a corpse than a living man. He never came down that night, she found out by asking you better than you know yourself, and I Mrs. Fry, and the next morning when say again that if you would consent to he went to his work he looked glummer and marry me anew your olden love would re-

> "Say no more. I distrust you. I feel that there is something false about you. I have "Do you doubt my love for you? "Not that, perhaps," she said, faltering, for she could not doubt it, looking into his face so full of love's emotion; "but I do not feel at ease in your presence. What of Lenora?" she asked, suddenly, wheeling

about and facing him again. "Lenora," he feebly repeated. "Yes, Lenora." "There is no Lenora."

"Is she dead?" "She may be, for aught I know. Constance, as heaven is my witness, she is nothing to me. Your hsuband has been true to you always, in word, thought and deed. Look at yourself," pointing to the mirror set between two panels, and reaching from floor to ceiling; "do you think I could ever forget you for any other woman? Is there grained in her nature that she could feel any other half so beautiful or good in the for his woes as though they were her own. | wide world? If there is, I never saw her. If this passionate assertion moved Conhumiliating as was the fact. The man had stance in the least she did not evince any appealed to her heart and sympathies emotion. She put up her hand, merely as if to stay further words, and said calmly, still swayed by his mysterious personality, "I hear the children. They have finished

> ter, too.' Clare and Perley entered, flushed and rosy from their game, which they had finished by the aid of the electric light. "Such fun!" said Perley, as an echo to the late game, unwilling to let the sport drop. "Oh, yes; why didn't you come out,

> > was talking with mamma, my little

Clare," said Mr. Hamilton, fondly stroking her curls. She clasped his hand and held it. "You he saw her he put out his hand with an wear your ring all the time now. You used to only wear it occasionally," bringing out the long word with careful precision. "You carried it in your pocketbook.' "I know it, dear. It is almost my dearest

possession, my mother's ring, and I love to

wear it. It reminds me that I had a mother once who loved me as your mother loves, you and Perley. She took his hand and kissed the ring "I thought-it seemed as if you belonged with childish sympathy. "I love you, too, papa, almost better than I used to.' "You are the only one who does, my darling. It is really, truly, for myself?" he

asked her, as if yearning for some acknowl-"Of course it is. But," she continued. thoughtfully, "you never hear me say my prayers now. Would you like to have me? I thought it was to God you prayed." "Yes; but I want you to pray, too, in

your heart, as you used to. "Very well, I will." "Wait a moment," and slipping to her room, which adjoined the one they were in, she quickly slipped off her dress and put on her long, fair nightgown "I am going to bed, I am tired," she standing at dusk by the sitting-room win- said, simply, kneeling down by his s' le, dow, looking out into the dim street, up clasping her hands and closing her eyes. which Mr. Hamilton was walking toward "Dear Jesus," she said, "bless papa and the house. Behind him, not far distant, mamma, and Perley and me, and make us forgive us all our sins. Amen. "And forgive us all our sins," he repeated,

Perley was in his mother's arms, half asleep, and Clare approached them and kissed them both. "Good-night, my darling," said her mother. "Get into bed, and I will come and tuck you up after I help Perley to undress. He is too sleepy to undress himself." Mr. Hamilton looked at the group with misty eyes and a strange, yearning gaze, house Constance saw the man stop an in- the house, and walked down the street, enstant and shake his fist threateningly in countering a man who stopped to speak to the air. Just at that moment the electric him. But Mr. Hamilton brushed him one "If you must see me, come to my office

so low that only Clare heard him.

"Are you sick?" asked the man, peering into his face. "Yes, sick of living." The man shrank back without replying. and Hamilton strode on until he met Mr. Carter, who asked him where he was going. "Nowhere. I will walk back with you "That's right. I stayed down with Henderson to play whist. Henderson thinks he is a crack player, but I beat him so he didn't know where he was," and Mr. Carter

"Why, no; do I look sick?" "No; but kind of queer and silent." "I am feeling a little dull and blue." "That will never do, Vane. Cheer up!" "I can't. I was just wishing I had never ? been born. The world is all wrong for some of its people, and I am one of them. in the world. I almost feel at times that luck rules it. "That's a bad state of mind, Vane, but

don't understand it. Women are strange creatures. But I think the cause and cure "How is that?" "You treat her too tenderly, almost like a lover. Women like masterful men, they say, and you used to be like that. "Nothing, unless the fact that I love her better. She is dearer to me now a thousand times. I never half appreciated her "Divine! Fiddlesticks! Constance is a good woman, but there is nothing divine

about her. Now get rid of that idea and "I can't. If Constance does not love me. stopping before the house of Mrs. Fre. from whence stole the strains of mournful music, solemn and sweet, as remembered sin and forgiveness. "Who is playing? The "Think so? That is Primus Edes, Mrs. Fry's boarder and one of our workmen." answered Mr. Carter, looking askant at his companion to see whether the name awakened any emotion. But it did not.

"Primus Edes, they say, is a strange man. I must talk with him some time." "Do; and tell me whether you think he happened to me-that I was dead, perhaps. looks like yourself. Constance thinks he "Constance thinks that fellow looks like me!" echoed Mr. Hamilton, in great sur-

> "Do you think so?" "Not a bit, bless my soul! not a bit; but women take queer notions sometimes." They had been sauntering homeward very slowly, arm in arm, and they were nearly nome now, but something in Mr. Carter's tone appealed to his companion's sensibili-

> > (To Be Continued To-morrow.)

divine character." assert yourself!" fellow has a wonderful gift."

"Yes; she does, or did."

"What do you mean, Uncle Carter? What queer notions has Constance taken up?